Anisa Redmond

Cultural Anthropology 206

Ethnogrophy and Final

August 2010

Intro:

Jetty Island, the hidden treasure of Everett, Washington is now a favorite of mine to visit. I had heard about it two years ago only to make it up there twice this summer already. It is mysterious at first to hear there is an island off of Everett’s coast. Everett that I don’t care much for and never have even having been born and raised here in the Puget Sound area of Washington. With so much intrigue surrounding the tale of Jetty, it seems to most people to good to be true, urban folklore. Maybe that is what staves people off the island. That’s not to say that Jetty is without its raving fans. And I am by no means writing this Ethnogrophy to spread the good gospel of this hidden in plain view spot. There is going to remain a haze before your eyes and will not part except under your extreme will to make the trek to Jetty and all it has to offer. As long as to you an offering is close to nothing but what nature intended.

Methodology:

Friends of mine that also happen to be neighbors all got together and decided to caravan up to Jetty a few days from then. It was hot as hoped, lunches and food to share was packed, coolers stocked with icy drinks, towels, blankets, gobs of sunscreen and swimming paraphernalia for kids and adults alike. We showed up with no reservation and unaware that one was optional. We then spent quite a while, 3 hours to be exact, waiting for a turn on the walk-on ferry. We collected passes for all 23 of us and waited in the grass. We passed the time with discussion, entertainment by the children, snacks and lounging watching the sea lions in the marina. I had luckily brought a notebook and pen my first time there which I do for myself and the kids to doodle and sketch or write observations.

At a point about 2 hours in to waiting I gave away some earlier passes that I was holding on to in hopes of eventually collecting enough from the ferry staff as they randomly gave away passes as people gave up and went home. When I saw an older couple looking desperate I asked them if they wanted my 1:30 passes and they happily accepted but only needed one. Another woman of about 55 overheard me and scolded and ranted at me telling me that that the ferry operated in some fashion that was not entirely true. I told her “Actually, that’s not how it works.” I could not get a word in edgewise and she stomped of frantically, sweat dripping off her face. She had found it necessary to complain to the ferry booth and an announcement was made immediately to only hand over extra passes to staff so that they may distribute them accordingly. I was under the effects of her stampede for about 7 minutes and then shrugged it off never to be mentioned until now. I guess the 90 degree heat was a lot for some people to handle and may be why passes kept becoming available as people decided not to wait.

After turning to change the subject with some of my friends, my class in Anthropology came up and sparks flew when I realized that with my pen and paper in my backpack I would have everything I needed and all the time I needed to observe and take notes for my assignment. I realized that it would be interesting enough to study a place that was right under local’s noses but still so elusive. The island is kept close to pristine with low foot traffic, limited daily guests and seasonal breaks. There are only two trashcans near the islands ferry dock and a trash monster painted to look like the Loch Ness monster where trash from the week before is hung to remind guests the importance of *you haul it in, you haul it out.* I like that bald head eagles frequent the island and the water is bathwater warm and shallow for a mile across and out. It is special in that it is kept natural and protected by a small staff that believes in what they do. I seek out places that are esteemed for their preservation and I seek warm waters. This is a well loved island of leisure and is respected because locals hold it dear. There is a donation for the ferry. Two dollars for adults and one for a child are asked but not mandatory and can be discreetly dropped in a box upon departure or arrival.

Data Presentation and Analysis: